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Stanzas on the death of Lady Helen Boyle



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Engraved from the Miniature Picture painted by M. Cowan by T. Trower.

Delight as the Art directs Spectator.

S T A N Z A S

ON THE DEATH OF

LADY HELEN BOYLE.

STANLEY

STANLEY

BOYLE

ON THE DEATH OF

LADY HELEN BOYLE

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S T A N Z A S
ON THE DEATH OF
L A D Y H E L E N B O Y L E.

FAREWEL, gay Muse! who erst on wayward wings
Thro' life's bright scenes my devious fancy bore,
No more to airy notes attune thy strings,
Thy light fantastic lays enchant no more.

But come, thou pensive power! that lov'st to dwell
Where silent sorrow's hopeless victim's mourn,
Or tread the hoary hermit's dreary cell,
And clasp with streaming eyes the sacred urn.

O come!

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O come! and join with me the fable throng,
That heave o'er Delia's tomb the pitying sigh;
Soft flow thy plaintive numbers, sad the song,
Whose melting strains along the Welkin die.

Come loves and graces! o'er the hallow'd ground
Spring's opening buds in rich profusion strow;
Come, white-rob'd maids! with boughs of cypress crown'd,
And in soft murmuring accents breathe your woe.

No fairer form the poet's art could feign,
Nor faints in bliss a spirit more pure desire,
Nor that to grace fair Salem's sacred plain,
Nor these to join with hymns th' ethereal quire.

Ah!

Ah! whither have the blushing rose-buds fled,
 That late with opening tints resplendent shone?
 Where the soft eye, that tears of pity shed
 For ev'ry sufferer's anguish—but her own?

Quench'd is the light that in these eye-beams shone,
 Faint emblems of the sunshine of her breast!
 Where gentle peace had fix'd her placid throne,
 And ev'ry boist'rous passion lull'd to rest.

Where now, alas! that soft persuasive tongue,
 Whose artless notes on ev'ry bosom stole?
 Unlike the transient flash, the noisy song,
 That strikes the ear, but cannot melt the soul.

Thus

Thus orient dew its pearly drops distils,
 And sheds new fragrance o'er the parched mead,
 The balmy juice each thirsty cavern fills,
 Each dying blossom rears its drooping head.

Fair was the frame that lodg'd the heav'nly guest,
 But ah! too frail to reach life's utmost date:
 Gently serene she sunk in balmy rest,
 Resign'd to heav'n and an untimely fate.

Bright hope and heav'n-born faith sustain'd her soul,
 No agonizing terrors chill'd her heart;
 Fearless she heard the distant thunders roll,
 And smil'd to see the tyrant aim his dart.

Relentless

Relentless Death! shall then thy wanton rage
 Thus mar the fairest forms that grace the plain,
 While thousands, black with crimes, or worn with age,
 Defy thy wrath, or court thy aid in vain?

But cease, my pensive muse! thy plaintive strain;
 Religion points thy views to yonder shore,
 Where heav'n's bright rays eternal calm maintain,
 And sins assail, and griefs oppress no more.

There Delia blooms thro' love's eternal reign,
 And chaunts with seraph sisters heav'nly lays;
 Earth's little scenes she views with just disdain,
 And each past suffering tunes her soul to praise.

Fair virgin saint! if from the realms of light

Thou e'er shalt deign to cast a pitying-eye

On this dark gloom, involv'd in clouds and night,

Where doubts perplex, and ills in ambush lie;

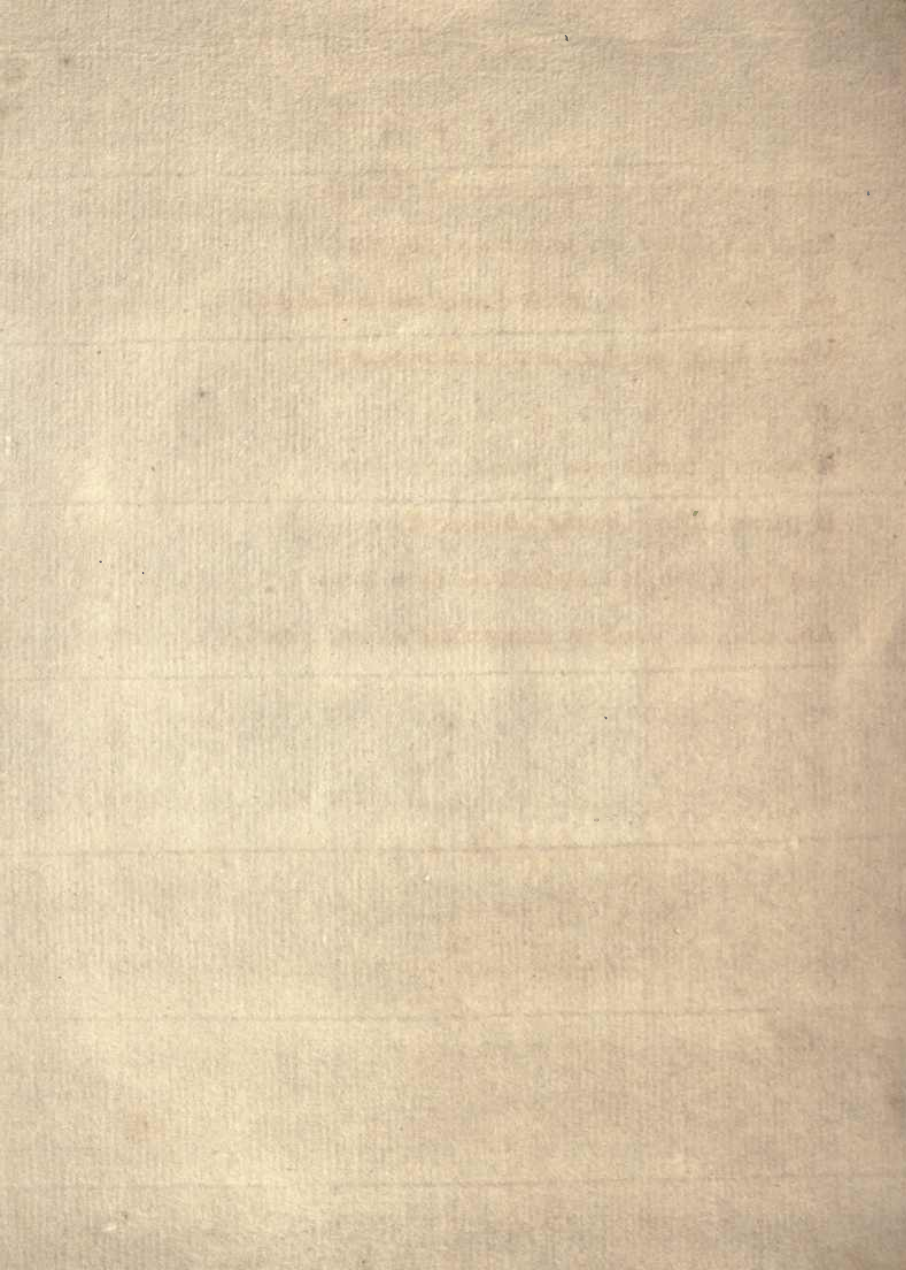
If weeping friends may share seraphic love,

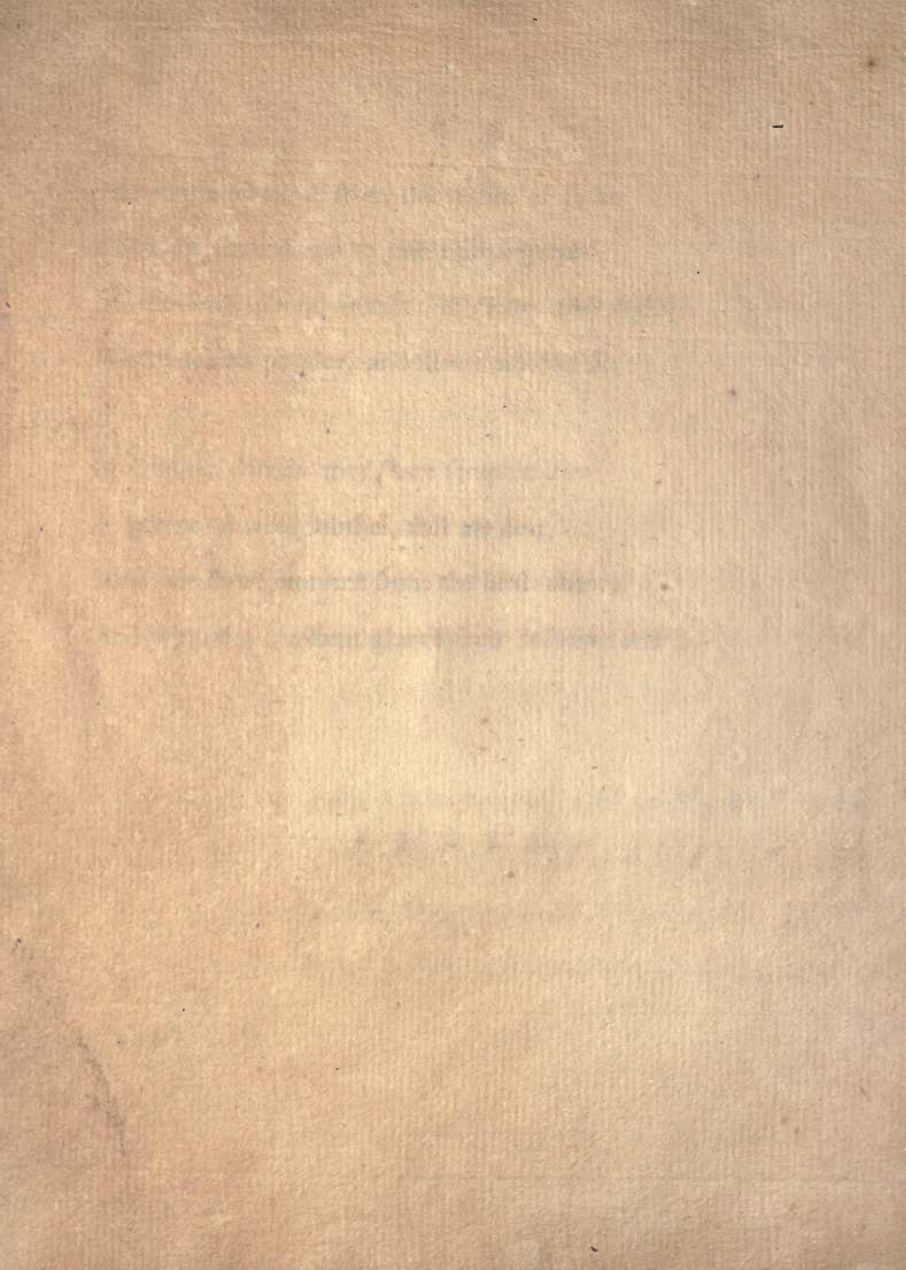
If parent, sisters, brother, still are dear,

Steal one short moment from the blest above,

And with one transient glance their bosoms cheer!

E I N I S





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